ising the tru's. Tor hard upon five years!"
She hid her eyes and shook her sweet face in the cover of her hands as if she could not bear to think of it. I waited a little, partly that she might he time to recover her tranquillity, and par'sy that Prins might make an end of his bus' ness and go though let me declare he gave us no more heed than had he been the clock: much less, indeed, than did the parrot that, faving rounded her head after the manner of those birds till her beak was uppermost, wa'ched is with the broadside of her face, and the relock with one eye, with horrid pertinacity and gravity.

But can it be, Miss Dudley," said I. "that Capt, Vanderdecken never intends to part with port.

Capt. Vanderdecken never intends to part with you?

She looked up quickly and said, "" position is incredibly strange. He has a fat. 's fondness for me, and declares that as I ha. 's intended in the said of the said incredible of the said in sa

said my senses bad not returned, and when I persisted, he grew angry, and his temper so terrified me that I feisned to agree with him, and have ever since dene so."

I reflected and said: "It must be as you say, and as I have aiready noted: for, did the Almighty grant him and his crew any perception of the passage of time, is it conceivable that he would talk of his wife and children as still living, and he eager to return to them? When did you discover that this was the Phantom Ship?"

I had heard that there was such a vessel from my father, and when Capt. Vanderdecken talked to me and I marked the color of his face and the appearance of the crew, and the glow that shone upon the ship in the dark, with other strange things, such as her ancient appearance. I soon satisfied myself."

"Father of Mercy!" I cried, "what a situation for a young gir!!"

"When I felt sure of the ship," she said, "I should have drowned myself in my misery and itspror, only I dreaded God's wrath. I felt that if I humbly resigned myself to His holy will, the would suffer the spirits of my father and mother to be with me and watch over me. But, oh! what a tedious waiting has it been, what bitter weatheses of see and sky! Again and again have I entreated Capt. Vanderdecken to put me on beard some passing ship, but not conceiving of the years which run by, and every tampest that obstructs him melting as a memory into the last so that the rebuffs of a century past are to him as forgetten things, or possessing the same sort of recentness that in a day or two this gale, which is now blowing. Will have, he thinks to encourage me by saying that part time he is certain to round the headland, that, as he has adopted, so he must not part with me, but carry me in his own ship and under his ewn protection to his wife and head.

"What are your thoughts." I asked her, "as regards their mortality? Are they human?"

"Ise, Mr. Fenten, they must be human, for they think of their homes and wives and children." he replied.

"Was struck with this, though I sa

they think of their homes and wives and children. he replied.

I was struck with this, though I said:

"Might not their very yearning be a part of the Curse? For if you extinguish their desire of getting home, the impulse that keeps them striving with the elements would disappear, and they would say. Since we cannot get westward, and so to Europe, we'll head for the East, and make for the Indies!"

"It is a thing impossible to reason upon," he exclaimed, aadly, and pressing her hand to her brow. The Great God here, in this ship, has worked in miracles and mysteries for purposes of his own. Who can explain His ways? Sometimes I have thought by the dreadful hue of the skin of their faces that they are men dead in body, but forced into the behavior of iving beings by the strength of the Curse that works in them."

living beings by the strength of the Curse that works in them.

I replied that in saying this she had exactly hit upon the fancy of my late Captain, who had taken his own life on the previous evening, which fancy now struck me as an amazing inspiration, seeing that it was her own opinion inspiration, seeing that it was her own opinion and that my judgment consurred in it.

"Tis impossible," said she, "that they can
be as we are. They are supernaturally alive.
Ohilt is shocking to think of. Is it not wonderful that my long association with these people has not criven me mad? Yet the Captain
loves me as a father; such is his tenderness at
loves me as a father; such is his tenderness at to keep up my heart by Varranting that next time—it is always next t', me—we shall pass the Cape and all will be 'cell with us, that I am lost in wonder he cou', d have ever so acted as to bring the curse of an eternal life of hopeless struggle upon him s, ad his men."

"Ay," oried I: "s, ad why should his men be accursed?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DEETH SHIP MUST BE SLOW AT PLYING. I stoed a moment or two at the door watching the clock while it struck, and greatly admiring the workmanship of the skeleton that rose and speared with his lance, keeping time to the sonorous chiming, which sang with a solemn interval between each beat. The great age of this timekeeper was beyond question, but the horn that protected the face of it prevented me from perceiving if there was any maker's name or date there.

As the skeleton sank, I could not but admire the patness of the mechanism to the condition of the ship and her crew, for what could surpass the irony of this representation of beath perpetually folied in his efforts to slay Time? Which was yet the case of Vanderdecken and his men, whose mortality was constrained to an endiess triumpa over that ferce which drives all men born of woman through nature into eternity.

I felt a seaman's curiosity to have a good look at a ship of which there were a thousand stories affoat in every forecastle throughout the world, and so I climbed through the hatch on dock, dressed in the style in which I had made my first appearance. The second mate, Antony Arenta, counced the vessel, standing near the helm with his arms folded in a sullen, mostly posture, even so as to resemble a man turned into stone. Vanderdecken was at the weather rail, erect and noble looking, his legs parted in the attitude of a stride, that he might balance himself to the rolling deck. He stared fixelly to the windward, his great beard, disparted, blowing like smoke over either shoulder, and his brows lowered into a contemptuous scowl upon his sharp burning eyes.

There were a few men on the decks that way, muffled up to their noses; but I did not see them speak to one another nor go about any kind of work. They had the same self-engressed, nay entranced air that was visible in those, such as the two mates and Vanderdecken, whom I had already observed. The she had post of the age in which had been built that it would be imposable for any

CHAPTER XIX.

CHAPTER XIX.

I HOLD A CONVERSATION WITH THE CREW.

There was nothing in sight. Indeed, in that thick gale a vessel would have had to come within a mile of us to be visible. As Vanderdecken neither stirred nor spoke to me, I thought he might take it ill if I hung by his side, for how was I to tell but that he might consider I should regard the withdrawal of his extention as a hint to be gone. I therefore wasked aft, the second mate no more heeding me han if I had been as viewless us the air, while the helmsman, after turning a small pair of glassy eyes upon me, strained with veins, directed them again at the sea over the bow, his face as sullenly thoughtful as the others, albeit he handled the tiller with good judgment, "meeting her," as we saliors say, when careful luff.

My curisoity being great, I ventured to peep into the binnacde, or "bittacle," as it was formerly called, a fixed box or case for holding the mariner's compass. The card was very old-fashioned, as may be supposed, yet it swung to the movement of the ship, and I could not suppose that it was very inaccurate, since by the sid of it they periodically made the land where they hunted for meat and filled their casks. As neither Vanderdecken nor Antony Arents offered to hinder me from

roaming about, I determined, since I was about it, to take a good look at the Death Ship. I examined the swivels, which were very green with decay, and tried to revolve one on its pivot, but found that it was not to be stirred. The tiller had been a very noble piece of timber, but now presented the aspect of rottenness that all the rest of the wood in the ship had, ret it had been very elegantity carved, and numerous flourishes still overran it, though the meaning of the devices was not to be come at. The rudder head worked in a great helm-port, through which a corpulent man of eighteen stone might have slipped fair into the sea underneath.

I then thought I would step forward, not much minding the washing of the seas there, and passed Vanderdecken very cautiously, ready to stop if he should look at me, but he remained in a trance, like a stone figure, all the life of him gone into his eyes, which glared burning and terrible at the same part of the ocean at which he stared when I first observed him stirless; so I stepped past and descended to the quarter deck, where there was nothing to see, and thence to the upper deck.

The bulwarks being very high enabled me to dodge the seas as I crept forward, and presently I came shreast of the foremast, where stood Jans the boatswain, along with three or four seamen, taking the shelter of a sort of hutch, built very strong, whence proceeded sounds of the grunting of hogs, and the mutterlings of goese, hens, and the like. As I needed an excuse to be here—for these fellows believed the tims to be that of Cromwell and Blade, and looked upon an Englishman as an enemy, and, therefore, might round upon me angrily for offering to overhaul their ship—I said to Jans, in my civillist manner:

"Are the men who rescued me last night

THE PLYING DUICHHAM

A DOMESTIC OF THAT STEEMEDOW

STORY OF THAT STEEMEDOW

TOTAL STEEMEDOW

COLUMN AND STREEMEDOW

TOTAL STEEMEDOW

TOTAL STE

On this Bothma said, "Let your country rights ships as it chooses, they will find the Dutch know more about the sea and the art of navigating and commanding it than your nation has stomach for."

I could have smiled at this, but the voice of the man, the deadness of his face, the terrifying life in his eyes, the sombre gravity of the others, standing about me like people in their sleep, were such a corrective of humor as might have made a braver man than I am tremble. I dared not go on talking with them, indeed their looks caused me to fear for my senses, so without further ado I walked aft and entered the cabin, hoping to find warmth and recovery for my mind in the beauty and conversation of Imogene.

Not knowing how to pass the time, I went to the old framed pictures upon the slides, and found them to be panels fitted to the ship's plank, and framed so as to form as much a part of the structure as the carving on her stern would be. But time, neglect, dirt, or damp—one or all—had so befouled or darkened the surfaces that most of them were more like the heads of tar barrels than paintings. Yet here and there I managed to witness a glimmering survival of the artist's work; one representing the fish market at Amsterdam, such of the fligures as were plain exhibiting plenty of humor; another, a Dutch East Indiaman of Vandardecken's period, sailing along with canvas full, streamers blowing, and the Batavian colors standing out large from the ensign staff; a third was a portrait, but nothing was left of it save a nose, whose ruddy tip Time had evidently fallen in love with, for there it still glowed, a mouth widely distended with aughter, and one merry little eye, the other having sunk like a star in the dark cloud that overspread most of this panel. This, I supposed, had been the portrait of a sallor, for so much of the remainder as was determinable all related to Amsterdam and things nautical.

I wondered how the young lady contrived to pass her time, liad she books? If so, they would doubtiess be duil performances

(To be continued.) Fishes Mounting Skyward.

Pishes Mounting Skyward.

Prom the St. Paul Globs.

Chippewa Falls, Wis., June 9.—A peculiar phenomenon occurred this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at Lake Chetex. It was a waterspout in Chetek Lake. The column of water was from twelve to fifteen feet in diameter. The water could be plainly seen ascending in a spiral column to a heavy mass of clouds about fifty rods above the lake. With the aid of a glass small fish could be seen winding their way upward. After a little over a quarter of an hour the column broke in two in the middle, and the lower half swept across Manomonie Point in the form of a whiriwind, taking up all the lighter matter in its course, while the upper portion seemed to follow in the same course, having the exact appearance of an inverted funnel forty to fifty rods long. After breaking it was followed by a great rain, followed with some thunder and lightning.

Spontaneous Combustion in his Bod. From the St. Lous Globe Democrat.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., June 8.—The boiler of an engine on a farm near this city burst on Monday. Josh Sweeney was terribly scaled by the escaping steam. Yesterday, while lying upon his couch, made up of a feather bed covered with a cotton comforter, his attendant endeavored to relieve his distress by turning him on his side. No sconer was this attempted than smoke was discovered coming from under him, which quickly sprang into a ferce blaze, burning his underwear and the comforter, The fire was instantly extinguished, lowever, with water at hand. The poor sufferer was frightened almost into spasms, and received additional injury from the heat of the bed, which had ignited by spontaneous combustion from the free use of linesed oil.

THE CLEARING HOUSE PLAN.

AN INSTITUTION SERVING AS A RET. TLING BANK FOR 68 BANKS.

bers Are Here Paid Of Almost Simultancously Each Day-A Company of Mon Do to Ten Minutes What it Used to Take a Regiment Ten Hours to Accomplish-Handled \$32,000,000,000, Without a Cent Ever Going Astray in Several Years.

There is a man in this town who, in a business life of thirty-one years in one establishment, has handled upward of \$32,000,000,000. and not a cent has been lost or misappropri-ated. When given in numerals those figures look formidable enough surely, but when printed thus—thirty-two billions of dollars, or thus, thirty-two thousand millions of dollars-how much vaster, if such were possible, does the amount appear. It is far beyond the limits of ordinary, and for that matter extrais to the religious mind or infinite space to the astronomer. If that amount was in \$1 bills, astronomer. If that amount was in \$1 bills, and each bill was to be counted, it would take upward of a thousand years, counting steadily day and night, to complete the job.

This vast eternity of money represents what Mr. William A. Camp, manager of the New York Clearing House, at Nassau and Pine streets, has paid to New York banks since he took the reins of management. It was not paid in checks or drafts, but in cash, solid cash, in the shape of gold coin, gold certificates, and greenbacks.

Mr. Camp was born in Connecticut, and began his New York business life in 1845. He has always been associated with banks and



WILLIAM A. CAMP.

money, and the sound of millions is as familiar to him as tens is to other folks. At first he was discount clerk in the Importers' and Traders' Bank. and later he was first teller in the Artisans' Bank. At that time the Clearing House was a toddling financial infant 2 years old. That was in 1855, and two years later Mr. Camp became assistant manager of the institution. In 1854 he was made manager, and he has successfully, independently, and incorruptibly steered the vast machinery of the place ever since. In appearance Mr. Camp is somewhat delicate. He is a typical representative of the old-time banking offleer. His linen is of the most immaculate whiteness, his jewelry rich but modest, and his attire in keeping. His voice is rather deep and certainly decisive, and his hands are of the delicate softness of a woman's. He is familiarly known to most of the bank Presidents in the United States, and to the sixty-live Presidents of national and State banks which form the Clearing House Association he is known intimately. From a yearly business of \$257.500,000 paid out over the counters of the association to the banks in it. Mr. Camp has seen it increased to ppward of \$1.775.003.000, and save beyond a few additional whitened hairs the startingly rapid growth of the business hasn't materially changed him irom the genial and chirpy bank elerk of thirty years ago.

What is the Clearing House? What are its functions and relations to the financial world? One frequently—infact, almost constantly—sees the institution mentioned in the newspapers, but if the statement made to a Sun reporter the other day that not one in a thousand knew why the Clearing House existed, or in fact what sort of a conscionerated mess it was anyhow, then indeed there is almost general density and mystery concerning it in the minds of folks who are not bothered with bank books and have no use forsuch trifles as bank checks.



ENTRANCE TO THE CLEARING HOUSE,

ENTRANCE TO THE CLEARING HOUSE.

Clearing House Association, and the necessity for its existence to the sixty-five banks in this city that form it, is the purpose of this story. To say that it is an association of banks, and that the sixty-five banks complete its present roll of membership, does not necessarily and explicitly explain why the banks wanted an association, and what they have done with one after it was organized. In a word, then, the Clearing House Association does for the banks forming it in ten minutes, with the aid of two or four men as emergency demands, what would take a dozen men, working in a different way, a day, and perhaps two days, to accomplish. In the old days, before 1853, the year in which the Clearing House Association was organized, the streets of New York, and particularly those in and about Wall street, the accepted banking district of the town, were almost through during the morning hours with hurrying and scurrying bank elerks and messengers. Each had a big wallet stuffed in his inside coat pocket, and securely fastened to it was a stout steel chain, which ran down through the armbole of the waistcoat and was locked around the messenger's body. In that wallet were thousands of dollars in checks and leash. The clerks and messengers were hurrying to the different banks to collect the money due on checks which their own banks had received from depositors in the regular course of business. For instance, John Francis & Co., drug merchants of William street, received from Edward Nashua & Co. of Warren street a check for \$200 on the Importers' and Traders' Bank in payment of goods purchased. Now, John Francis & Co., had their bank account in the Corn Exchange lank, and, along with other checks and cash, they deposited in that bank the check received from Edward Nashua & Co. of Warren street a check for \$200 on the Importers' and Traders' Bank in payment of goods purchased. Now, John Francis & Co., that it accepted it at all. How was the Corn Exchange Bank in the line of accommodation

ners that were absolute and positive adjuncts to the banks in those days.

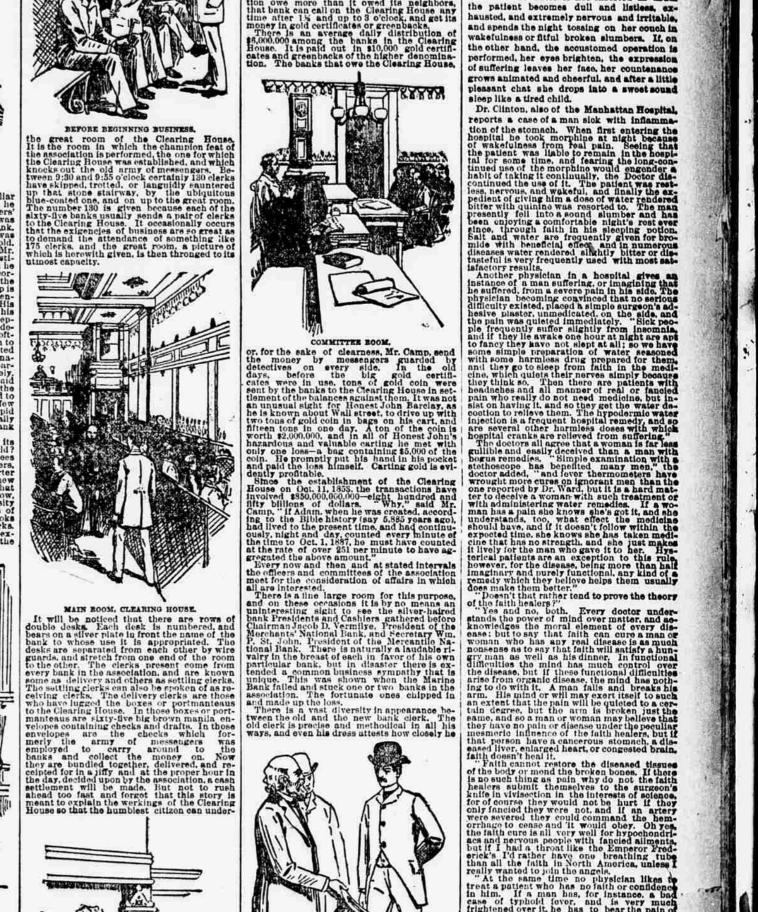
With the advent of the Clearing House Association the bank runper's occupation was gone. Of course, the banks up to this day have to employ a small number of messengers to go from bank to bank collecting money due on drafts received from out-of-town customers of New York merchants and deposited by the merchants in their own banks for collection; but the amount of money thus handled by the messengers is insignificant in the extreme in comparison with the vast sums carried about with them in the old days before the establishment of the Clearing House. Where a bank employed twenty-five messengers in those days it now employs five, because the Clearing House does the service that once was performed by the messengers.

A visit to the brown-stone building of the association at Nassau and Pine streets will explain how the system has killed the occupation of the old-time army of messengers. The entrance is on Pine street, and from 9:30 to a few minutes before 10 o'clock svery morning, winter and summer, through slush and snow or wilting under steam engine heat, straggling groups of bank clerks troop through the swinging doors on up the stone stairway, paying no heed to the gilt-lettered sign:

A close observer will notice that just about half of the number of clerks who troop up that stairway, nodding carelessly and casually to the blue-coated and brass-buttoned official who strolls about the landing ready to obey the mandates of the gilt-lettered sign, carry stout paper boxes, about 16 by 24 inches big, under their arms.

Some of the clerks lug sole leather portmanteaus of larger dimensions. The other half of the throng are unencumbered. The throng swells at times, and all mount a second atone stairway which takes them to what is known as







stand them, it will be necessary to refer again to Mr. Camp. As 10 o'clock approaches, be takes his place on the rostrum, overlooking the little regiment of bank clerks, ready to set in motion the machinery that will quickly tell how each bank stands with its neighbor, and just how many thousands or militons of dollars it will be required to fork over to Manaser Camp to pay its debts to its neighbor, or on the other hand, how much it will receive from a neighboring bank through Mr. Camp, in settlement of its claims on its neighbor.

Beside Mr. Camp on the rostrum is Mr. John P. Ritter, assistaut manager of the association for the last quarter of a century, and near-by is a bright-faced accountant with gold-bowed spectacles, and before him is a big placard on which is printed the names of all the banks in the association. As each settling clerk entered the room he sent up to Mr. Camp on the rostrum, by means of a chall-pump-like apparatus, a slip showing the amount of the checks his bank had received the day before in its favor, and likewise the amount of those against the bank. All these slips are handed to the gold-spectacled young man, who is known as the proof cierk. By this time the clerks are in their dosk compartments divided by the wire guards THE MANAGER.

done in a day. Here the business was practically over in ten minutes.

The sutiling clerks, however, are required to stay, say for an bour, computing exactly and to a cent the financial status of his bank, as shown in the returns, toward a neighbor, and vice versa. He must be mighty quick at figures, and when he has figured how much his bank has brought that morning for collection and compared it with how much it has received, in the shape of checks, the individual differences in his case are computed along with the differences of all the other banks, and the lightning calculator, in the person of the proof clerk on the rostrum, foots them all up and tells how much money Mr Camp must have to settle the claims of the banks on each other. Thus, if the Fourth National Bank has brought \$1,000,000 in checks in its favor and the deliveries of all the delivery clerks only aggregate \$250,000 against it, there is a balance of \$750,000 due to the Fourth National from the Clearing House, but the association gets the \$750,000 from among the other banks whose checks are out in favor of the Fourth National. In other words, Mr. Camp is the agent of all the banks in the association. The banks do not pay each other directly. All money is sent to Mr. Camp, and he settles the claims. If, for instance, the First National Bank can show only \$250,000 of checks on all the banks in its favor, while the total amount of checks held by the othor banks against it is \$1,000,000, the First National must send to Mr. Camp before 1% o'clock the \$750,000 to settle the difference. On the other hand, if a bank is proved to be a creditor of the Clearing House, that is, a bank to which the other banks in the association owe more than it owed its neighbors, that bank can call on the Clearing House, that is, a bank to which the other banks in the clearing House, that is, a bank to which the other banks in the Clearing House, that is, a bank to which the other banks in the Clearing House and the second of \$1,000,000 gold certificates or greenbacks.

T





CLERIS, OLD AND YOUNG.

keeps to the beaten rut of his life. His jewelry is old fashioned, but it is solid gold and no sham. His hair is usually brushed forward of the ears and cut in the neck as if a bowl had been used to shano it. His clothes, linen, and scarfs are modest, and he is a refreshing remembrance of what many look back and refer to as the substantial days of the republic.

The young clork keeps abreast of the fashion of the day as much as possible. His jewelry is not as solid as that worn by his older associate, but he has more offit. He is a lover of knickknacks and of bright scarfs, that are not of the substantial textile of the older clerk; but here again he can plead that his dressing table can show a larger and more varierated cohection. He is rapid in calculation, not always as correct perhaps, as his slow-going brother, but then he has the nervous, culck energy that is fertile of resource. He is a good fellow, generally, can whistie anything, from "She's a Waiter Girl at Macy's" to the pilgrim's chorus from "Tannhauser," and is sociable, engaging, and not always burdened with much of the United States surplus.

GENUINE FAITH CURES. CASES IN WHICH PHYSICIANS STIES. LATE PATIENTS IMAGINATION, But Imagination Will Not Set a Broke Log-Some of the Regulation Deception Practiced on Patients in Hospitals—A Surgeon's Analysis of Real Patth Cure. Physicians have their faith cure as well as Christian scientists, and they report quite as remarkable imaginary effects as is related by the professors and healers of the mind-cure schools. Dr. Ward of St. Louis gives a happy illustration of the power of the imagination to heal disease unaided by the use of medicine in the case of an ignorant and oredulous fever patient, who was cured simply by the use of the fever thermometer. This small glass in-strument, which all physicians use, is cleaned and disaffected with carbolic acid, which leaves a elight taste even after it is washed thorough-

> erably improved, until finally he was cured simply by faith and a fever thermometer. One of the visiting physicians of the Man-hattan Hospital reports a case similar in pur-port to the one just quoted. A lady who has been a chronic invalid for many years suffers from insomnia, to relieve which hypodermic injections of morphine are given her each night on retiring-at least she supposes them to be of morphine, but in reality only clear cold water is inserted. Experiments have been made frequently which lead to singular results. If the water is not inserted as usual the patient becomes dull and listless, exhausted, and extremely nervous and irritable. and spends the night tossing on her couch in wakefulness or fitful broken slumbers. If, on the other hand, the accustomed operation is

> ly. When Dr. Ward placed this simple instru-ment under the patient's tongue for the first

time he exclaimed: "There ain't much taste to it, Docter, but I suppose it is terrible powers

ful." Seeing that the fellow believed the thermometer to be some effective medicine or con-

juration, he humored his strange fancy as to the occult virtue of the instrument, and gave him no medicine. After the first treatment the

fever abated, and with each subsequent appli-cation of the remedy the patient was consid-

woman who has any real disease is as much nonsense as to say that faith will satisfy a hungry man as well as his dinner. In functional difficulties the mind has much control over the disease, but if these functional difficulties arise from organic disease, the mind has nothing to do with it. A man fails and breaks his arm. His mind or will may exert itself to such an extent that the pain will be quieted to a certain degree, but the arm is broken just the same, and so a man or woman may believe that they have no pain or disease under the poculiar mesmeric influence of the faith healers, but if that person have a cancerous stomach, a diseased liver, enlarged heart, or congested brain, faith doesn't heal it.

"Faith cannot restore the diseased tissues of the body or mend the broken bones. If there is no such thing as pain why do not the faith healers submit themselves to the surgeon's knife in vivisection in the interests of science, for of course they would not be hurt if they only fancied they were not, and if an artery were severed they could command the hemorrhage to cease and it would obey. Ohyes, the faith cure is all very well for hypochondriacs and nervous people with fancied aliments, but if I had a throat like the Emperor Frederick's I'd rather have one breathing tube than all the faith in North America, unless I really wanted to join the angels.

"At the same time no physician likes to treat a patient who has no faith or confidence in him. If a man has, for instance, a bad case of typhoid fever, and is very much frightened over it, he has to bear the pain of the disease and the pain of the fear at the same time. If, on the other hand, he has faith in his physician and believes that he will get well, he is much more apt to do so, not because the disease is any the less fatal, but because he is relieved from one form of suffering perhaps quite as wearing as the physical torture of the disease is self, and he has more strength for the struggle. But as for faith or courage arresting the progress of a deadly

Wanted It Stronger.

From the Harberth sun.

He was an old timer. He had commenced in early youth at hard cider, and had graduated in the liquids up to straight alcohol. He was in lown this woek, went into a drug store, and picked up a bottle and noured out a full glass of something, swallowed it down thinking it was opirits frumenti. The druggist, notleing him with the empty glass in his hand, rushed back, exclaiming. My God, man, you have drank aqua fortis!" "Was it?" says he. "Well, inst give me a little aqua fifty. That last was kinder good, but I want something a leetle strenger." The druggist collapsed.

## Vigor and Vitality

Are quickly given to every part of the body by Reod's Are quickly given to every part of the body by Heod's Sarsaparilla. That tired fealing is entirely evercome. The bleed is purified, enriched, and vitalized and carries health instead of disease to every ergan. The stomach is tones and strengthened, the appetite restored. The kidneys and liver are roused and invigerated. The brain is refreshed, the mind made clear and ready for work. The whole system is built up and rejuvanated by Heod's Sarsaparilla. Give its trial.

"My appetite was poor. I could not sleep, had head-ache a great deal, pains in my back, my bowis did not more regularly. Heod's Earsaparilla in a short time did mese much goed that I felt like a new man. My palus and aches are rejeved, my appetite improved." palus and aches are relieved, my appetite improved. -- GEORGE F. JACKSON, floxbury Station, Coun.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. S1; six for S5. Prepared only by G. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Man. 100 Boses One Bellar

The peculiar parifying and reviving qualities of Hood's The pscullar purifying and reviving qualities of Wood's Sarsaparilla are just what are needed to expel disease and fertify the system against the debilitating effects of warm weather. Every year increases the popularity of Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it is just what people need at this season. If you have never tried it, do so, and you will be convinced of its peculiar marri.

"I was saverely troubled with billicanness, and thought I would try Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had taken half a bettle I noticed a bis chause for the builty and after

a bottle I noticed a big change for the better, and after taking two bettles I consider myself entirely cured. I believe Head's Sarzaparilla will so all that is claimed for it."—J. R. 6MTH. Collector for Fell Telephone Company, 73 East Main at. Rochester, N. Y. N. b. - Be sure to get Hood's Barasparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Seld by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Deces One Bellar